THE FREEMAN is an Independent Weekly Newspaper which bravely tells the Truth without fear or favor. It is published in the interests of the Negro, and is Fearless tn the Advocacy of his Rights,

THE FREEMAN.

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A division of the Negro vote is essential to the ultimate solution of the Race Problem. : : It should divide, however, on questions which involve Principles.

VOL. I.—NO. 7. INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1888. TERMS: {$2.00 per Year. 5 Cents per Copy.

NEWS AND COMMENT.

Splinters from the Race Log Gathered for the Freeman's Clientale---What the the Negro is Doing and Saying---The Spirit of the Enligtened Press.

This year is the Negro's opportunity.

The Press Association will meet at Washington, February 27, 1889.

The division of the colored vote is an actual fact.—New York Age, Rep.

The Grand Lodge of Good Templars of of Georgia has split on the color line.

A State Convention of colored men will assemble in California next month.

A Democratic journal for Chicago is looked for. E. A. Payne is to be chief editor.

Mr. Charles D. Pedro was recently appointed on the letter carrier force of New York.

The Chattanooga Dispatch has "busted" and the partners are at loggerheads.

Wages are graded according to efficiency, supply and demand, whether the tariff be high or low.

Dr. J. T. Whitson of the American Catholic Tribune, made a Democratic speech in Wheeling, W. Va., a few days ago.

Pittsburg now has an industrial school for colored youths. The fund was bequeathed by Mr. Charles Avery for that purpose.

The Negro problem is a local question. The method of its solution must be governed by the locality under treatment.

The importations of cheap pauper labor must be restricted. This is where genuine protection to the workingman comes in.

Frank Hart won the 75-hour go-as-you-please pedestrian contest at Troy, N. Y., finishing last Saturday night with 295 miles as his score.

Messrs. E. H. Morris and Soloman Taylor are prominently mentioned as candiates for the Legislature from Chicago district of Illinois.

General Grant favored a judicious reformation of the tariff, with a view of lightening the burdens of the poor. A "British free-trader," etc.

Mr. Theodore Young, of Cincinnati, has been appointed to a position in the Railway Messenger service. Mr. Young is a Democrat in politics.

The Crispus attucks monument will be unveiled in Boston in October next. Hon. Frederick Douglass will probably deliver the principal oration.

The entente cordiale which should exist between T. Thomas Fortune and James C. Mathews is sadly strained. Keep cool gentlemen, keep cool.

The press convention couldn't decide whether our race should be called Negro, Colored, Afro-American or American-Negro, and gave the question up.

A colored man in Little Rock, Ark., gave a white woman $500 one day last week just to let him kiss her. The fool killer has been neglecting his duty.

Pinchback's colored base ball team is playing a series with the Chicago Unions for a purse of $1,500 and the colored championship of the world.

The number of colored Democrats in Missouri is increasing, very rapidly. Nearly every county has a colored candidate for office on the Democratic ticket.

The Missionary expenditures of the American Baptist Home Mission Society amongst the colored people of the South for the last five years amounts to $24,650.28.

R. C. O. Benjamin, editor of the weekly Observer in California, has composed a campaign song. Benjamin is a "kicking Republican" and hard to handle.

There is too much sentiment in the politics of the colored race, and for one the Conservator proposes to give sentimental politics a wide berth.—Chicago Conservator, Rep.

We understand that Doctor Elbert doesn't like The Freeman. The Freeman, however, isn't published with a view of pleasing Dr. Elbert, however, so honors are even.

Until the Negro exercises more independence in the use of the ballot he may expect to remain, what he has always been, the hound of politics.—Los Angeles Observer, Rep.

The young and progressive element of the race has the call. Their eyes are set to the front, and the passions and prejudices of other days will not be allowed to impede their onward march.

The Rev. James C. Clunes, of the diocese of Trinidad was recently ordained priest by Arch-bishop Riordon, at Louvain. He is the second Colored-American who has been ordained to the priest hood.

C. H. J. Taylor has written to Fred Douglass protesting against Senator Sawyer's proposal to assist the emigration of Afro-American to Africa. Taylor knows something about that country himself.

The Negro is a free man and yet a slave. He is a slave to the Republican party, and politically nothing. So long as the race allies itself to any one particular party, so long it will amount to nothing.—Afro-Independent.

Col. Geo. W. Williams, the colored historian, is taking his usual summer outing at Plymouth, where he daily lounges about the piazza of the Old Colony House, which overlooks the steamboat landing, the Forefathers' and the harbor.

Editor Brown of the Springfild Messenger says:

"In all our travels we have failed yet to go into a town and not find colored men who have ceased to be slaves any longer to the Republican party."

W. T. Scott, the fire-eating editor of The Cairo Gazette, has issued a challenge to the Rev. Bird Wilkins, editor of the Illustrated Progressive Journal of Charleston, Mo., a colored Republican, to discuss the issues of the campaign at such time and place as the latter may designate.

Graham Deuwell, a colored clerk in the Rostor Department of the Adjutant General's office, from Springfield, Ohio, had some difficulty with Chief Clerk Knox, which resulted in the dismissal of the former. Deuwell is greatly exercised over his dismissal and will appeal to Governor Foraker.

Indiana has a colored women's Democratic club, with headquarters at Indianapolis, named "Frances Cleveland Club." Mrs. J. T. V. Hill is president. And thus colored women will have a hand in the political emancipation of the race. What woman wills, God wills.—New Orleans Progress.

What is for the best interest of the country is for the best interest of the "race." There will always be two opinions as to what is for the best interest of the country, but in the present issues it is generally agreed that reducing the tariff is for the best interest of the country.—Philadelphia Sentinel.

The Western Appeal St. Paul has a newly-born competitor in the "Afro-Independent." The latter is a bright addition to the galaxy of independent race journals and we cordially extend our ☞. Charles S. Sweed a forcible and scholarly writer is managing editor and W. S. Davis is business manager.

Douglass' fatal love for the tinssel and trappings of political bossism has apparently dethroned his reason. The difference between his statesmanlike utterences of a few short years ago, and his garrelous whinnings and vacilitating policy of to-day, is an unmistakably mark of his passage from manhood to senility.

The Plaindealer with a greater regard for truth than fealty to party stock argument, speaking of granting the Negro the right of suffrage, says:

"No party could give him that which of right was his, the withholding of it from him was crime, to bestow it upon him was simply just.

The following are the officers of the colored press association for the ensuing year: President, W. J. Simmons, D. D., of the American Baptist; Vice-President, H. J. Europe, of the Christian Weekly; Secretary, M. W. Gilbert, of the Baptist Headlight; Treasurer, P. H. Murray, ot the St. Louis Advance; Historian, W. C. Chase, of the Washington, D. C., Bee.

"Hell houuds of commerce," is the pet name which General Hovey applies to his Jewish fellow citizens. Not so alliterative as Rum, Romanism and ruin, but more forcible.—Cincinnati Afro-American.

What he thought of the Negro can be found in the orignial draf of the Indiana constitution.

The Negro Democrcy have no reason to feel discouraged. In the front ranks of straight-out Democrats are found the most scholarly educators of the race, its most gifted orator, its ablest legal counseller and its most brilliant journalist, besides a large number of clever writers, preachers and teachers. The best brain and most enlightened thought in the Negro race is undeniably in favor of a division of the Negro vote.

Four years ago the Negroes were hurrahing with all their might and main for the Republican platform, which pledged the party to reform the existing inequalities and injustices of the tariff schedule. Now, they have repudiated all things then favored and announce that the inequalites and burdens shall remain, solaced by free whisky and a free smoke or a cheap "chaw." If they are right in this campaign they were wrong in 1884. Which dose will our Republican friends take?

We haven't the slightest doubt that the colored people who are howling for a high protective tariff are advocating it solely because it is a Republican measure, not that they know or care anything about its merits as a national policy. If there is a colored Republican in Indiana who will say that he is for a high protective tariff, for the reason that he believes it necessary for the prosperity of the country, and who would support that policy if adopted by the Democrats, let him send his name to this office and we will send him The Freeman free of charge for one year.

Bishop Turner, one of the ablest men on ths Episcopal bench, reads his fellow-shepherds a valuable lesson on temperance whenever the opportunity presents itself, and handles the Queen's English in vigorous style in denounciation of the Republican free-whisky plank. He rightly believes that no minister of the gospel who respects the oath taken to do all in his power to promote Christianity, sobriety and morality, can consistently support such doctrine. Think of it—a chosen officer of Christ endorsing a measure that calls for the total abolition of the taxes on whisky and tobacco!

THE COLORED AMERICAN.

A Few Points Touching His Status, Citizenship, Etc.---Pol tical Autonomy.

EDITOR FREEMAN.

I have been reading the "Freeman" with much interest and desire to congratulate you and the colored citizens of the State upon having so neat and able an advocate at the capital as The "Freeman" has so far proved to be. It is a newsy, spicy, and well edited journal, and is destined to wield a great power in the education and advancement of the colored race.

The late convention of representative colored men in this city gave unmistakeable proof of the possibilties that are within reach of the race, and of a determination to take that stand in citizenship that will command the respect and confidence of all good citizens.

Only a little over a quarter of a century ago, the Negro, as a race, was in bondage at the behest of no political party, but as an inheritence that came down to a particular geographical section of the country at the establishment of the nation, after the war of the revolution. The exigences of the late war of the rebellion resulted in his emancipation and advancement to freedom and citizenship at which all good men rejoice.

Freedom alone does not fill the full measure of citizenship. To this must be added education and independent thought and action.

It is gratifying to see the colored man in the act of emancipating himself from the bondage of partisanrule and coming out into the atmosphere of enlightened and independent political freedom, as manifested in the attitude of The "Free man," and other independent journals.

The Republican party has been in power all these years spoken of, until after the election of '84. It has posed as the exclusive friend of the Negro. What has it to show for this claim but partisan rule and broken promises? There can be but one answer, nothing.

The Democratic party has calmly awaited its day of power to defeat the slanders heaped upon it by partism hate and for party supremacy. The administration of Grover Cleveland and the attitude of the Democratic party have proved the utter falsity of these slanders and that it is not the enemy, but the friend of all regardless of creed, color or previous condition of servitude. The friend of the whole people, but the bitter and unrelating foe to laws and combinations that discriminate agains thonest labor and in favor of omnopoly trust that are only formed to oppress and sustaine the people, white or black.

Wishing The "Freeman" great success I am truly yours. "Laborer."

City, August 25, 1888.

Four Years on His Hands and Knees.

Macon Telegraph.

An old negro was carried to the Roff Home Tuesday that had just completed a most remarkable journey. He lost his toes by frost bite, is a paralytic, and so badly crippled that he can scarcely crawl. He was found on the Houston road beyond Gilesville, and had slowly been moving into town for two or three days. He was taken up and placed in a wagon by Superintendent Harmon and carried to the Home, where he told the story of his travels.

Four years ago he left Jacksonville to come to Macon. He was without any means and he undertook to crawl the entire distance. His strength and condition would not permit him to cover more than a quarter of a mile a day, and, crawling over the ground as he did, he was often compelled to remain off the road for days and weeks by reason of rain and wet weather. He lived on what was given him, and sometimes being a great distance between habitations, he suffered much for both water and food. The entire four years were consumed in making the trip from Jacksonville to Macon, and his first ride in all that time was in Superintendent Harmon's wagon from the Houston road to Roff Home.

A Fascinating Horror.

London Truth.

There is at the present moment an unfortunate monstrosity hidden away in a back room of the London Hospital in the Whitechapel road. They call it the elephant man, and on one occasion certain members of the medical profession thought fit to advertise this distressing case in the columns of a leading daily newspaper. No one would believe what private excitement that monstrosity has caused. Women beg and plead to be allowed to go and gaze at it. Actresses of the first rank, under the sham pretense of humanity, go and take tea with the elephant man. They are fascinated by this distressful creature, and they take their female friends to this uncanny seance.

She's All Right.

Since Belva Lockwood got into
The Presidential tussle,
The paralyzing fact is learned:
She doesn't wear a bustle.
This ought not to hurt her cause;
The simple truth is, neither
Of the other candidates
Wears a bustle either.

BUSINESS IN OLD BONES.

People Who Are Satisfied to Make Fortunes Out of Refuse.

Chicago Mail.

Of all the products that come into the Chicago market beef is ts the most effectually utilized. From the time a beef leaves the pasture until its steaks are served by some fashionable caterer, it has passed through several thousand hands, and has contributed either directly or indirectly to several hundred distinct and seperate industries.

In no city in the world is the principle of the division of labor more strikingly exemplified than in Chicago, with her manifold industries dependent on the traffic in beef. One would naturally suppose that beef was so plentiful and cheap in a central market like Chicago that no one would think of making a special business of utilizing what in many cities is cast away as refuse. But the very fact that Chicago is so great a beef market renders it possible for almost every ounce of beef to be put to some practical use.

There has grown up in this city within the past ten years the largest bone and tallow industries in this country. These industries have not only served to build up immense private fortunes but, as an officer of the board of health said to a Mail reporter recently, they have been of untold value to Chicago in a sanitary point of view.

This may seem at first thought a curious statement. But the explanation is simple. A bone and tallow factory is not a desirable neighbor, as every one knows who has ever had the misfortune to live within scenting distance of such an establishment and yet the odor is neither so unpleasant nor nearly so unwholesome as many other exhalations from the stock yards. The bone and tallow factory serves as a convenient repository and crematory of the offal from the butcher shops. In a city like Chicago there must necessarily be at every large butcher-shop a large amount of good meat remaining over each day unsold. To remove this meat to some suburban dumping-place would entail considerable expense on the butcher, and he would in many instances be tempted to let economic considerations take preference over regard for public health. This unused meat ought in the summer time to be removed regularly every day. There appears to be no city ordinance bearing directly on this point, and to enforce an ordiance of this kind would be the next thing to an impossibility. The dealer in bones buys of the butcher whatever is worth paying for in the way of bones, horns, hoofs, hide, tallow, meat, and hauls it away, and often gets for the mere hauling away meat that would soon become a nuisance to the butcher, but which can be turned to some practical account at the tallow factory. All of the leading butchers of Chicago have now come to depend on the bone and tallow dealers to relieve them of what they cannot dispose of to their regular customers.

To facilitate in ascertaining the price of the commodity it is usual for the butcher to sort it. For instance, he puts all the kidney suet in one barrel, the flank-tallow in another, the soup-bones in another, and the waste meat in another. These are all sorted in the order of value. If the butcher fails to do the sorting himself, he is obliged to sell for a lower price, as the work of sorting after the stuff is once mixed is both difficult and unpleasant and frequently cost more than it is really worth. The bone and tallow dealer sends out his wagons every day to different parts of the city to buy up the butchers' refuse. Each wagon has a regular route and makes regular trips at stated intervals. The loads are brought into factory and distributed to appropriate places. All of the tallow is put into a vast caldron and rendered into the form in which it is found in commerce. There are a number of steps in the refining process, but they vary according to the purity of the article when it comes into the factory. The bones form a curious collection, and suggest at once the prophet's vision in the old testament. Here are the bleached skulls of oxen, with yawning jaws, grinning teeth, and empty sockets. They seem almost to speak from out their grim receptacle some legend of the Humane society. Occasionally a huge skull happens to have a pair of crossbones near it, and suggests the ghoulish emblem of the death's head.

The bones are of all sizes and ages. There are the dry bones that have lain bleaching for months on the prairie and have been gathered by some economic farmer and shipped to Chicago for a few cents more than paid the freight. Then there are the juicy soup-bones fresh from the butcher-shop. But these must go through many transformations before they are ready for the market. First they are cooked and the grease all extracted. This grease is converted into lubicating oils. The bones are next put to soak in a tank with water running constansly in and out. Thus they are cleaned. When all greasy impurities are removed the bones are laid out to dry and are ready to join company with their congeners of the plans. They are dropped into a gigantic hopper and ground to a coarse flour dust. The mill grinds with a hungry greed and rarely receives a mouthful too difficult for its power of mastication. The bone dust is weighed, bagged, sorted, and shipped to all parts of the country where fertilizing material is needed. One of the most valuabe products of the establishment is glue. This is made of the hoofs of cattle. There is a secret process in its manufacture that is always carefully guarded and is known to only one man and a few employes in this city. This is Ira C. Darling. His is one of those peculiar trade secrets that no patent right would properly protect. In this it resembles the secret of making porcelain, possessed only by the Meissen (Saxony) porcelain potters. The hoofs are subjected to some process by which they are turned into liquid. This liquid comes out resembling in color and consistency New Orleans molasses. It is run into cooling pans, where it becomes partially solid. Then it is cut into cakes like gingerbread and allowed to harden, and is then broken into small pieces and placed in barrels ready to be shipped.

The horns furnish in themselves material for two or three different industries. The large, curving horns of Texas cattle are made into house ornaments Scarcely a well-furnished house in the town of Lake is without its household arms in the form of one of these handsomely finished ornaments. The horns are also used for making ornamental chairs and other pieces of furniture, a taste for which has become of late years exceedingly widespread. The ordinary horns are turned into buttons of all kinds, and hunters' and fishers' furnishings.

MISSCELLANEOUS NOTES.

It was feared that there would be a row at the Anarchists' picnic at Chicago on Sunday, but the bombers concluded to let our institutions stand for a week or two longer, and to content themselves with putting down beer. "If all government was in this schooner," cried a frenzied Foe of the Existing Order of Things, "I would swallow it at a gulp." And he did.

If Gen. Lew Wallace writes his "Life on Candidate Harrison" with the same care with which he wrote his famous "Ben Hur" it wont be done in time to do the most good. It is said that he first wrote "Ben Hur" on a slate that he might "rub out easily;" then on soft paper with a pencil. He went over and over his pages with great care, and finally sent the book to the Harpers written on large unruled paper, in violet ink, so well done that the reader who went over it for the publishers said it was the finest manuscript ever offered to him.—Ex.

It is told that when Frederick III, of Germany, was in London last, Sir Morrell Mackenzie introduced to him a celebrated American physician, who examined his throat carefully. "I suppose," said the Emperor, "an imperial throat is very much like that of other throats?" "Well," answered the American quickly, "we will try and make it so, at any rate." Frederick appreciated the answer, and smiting his mighty chest, said: "But this is all right, is it not?" The doctor looked him over gravely and replied: "Yes. As for the rest, you would make a good American." The Emperor enjoyed it all, but the German doctors were simply dumfounded at the levity of the Yankee.

The favorite exploit with the women at Long Branch this summer is to gamble. Probably they are led to this by the habit of betting at horse-races. At first the feminine curiosity to see the interiors of the famous club-houses was gratified by morning visits in parties, at a time when no play was going on. But it is now a custom of morning, noon and night to go to one of these gorgeous establishments, take a breakfast, dinner or supper in the restaurant, and then retire to a private room, into which the appurtenances of any desired game are introduced. Of course, women who do this usually belong to the fast coteries, but I have known of adventures by thoroughly reputable husbands, wives and daughters indulging in these dangerous tiger hunts. Faro is the game usually chosen. The most urbane and polished dealer in the employ of the house is always detailed for this special duty. Judging by the enormous increase of gambling at Long Branch, by the open affiliation between the professional gamsters and the village authorities, and by the constantly extending fashionableness of the vice, the end of the present season will hardly be reached before ladies will sit at the public green tables, just as they do at Monaco and Baden Baden.

WHERE NIHILISTS ARE BRED.

The Unspeakable Misery and Poverty of Russia's Poor.

St. Petersburg is European, and half the things which pain one there are felt to be some sort of association with the evils and vices of the West. But Moscow has its own miseries, and they are so intensely Russian, so characteristic of that vaster Moscow of which the old capital is merely the tiny centre, that in becoming sensible of them one shudders; not for a community merely, but for a whole people. The contrasts life offers in St. Petersburg are contrasts mainly between things which it is scarcely just to compare—between a well being which is foreign and a want that is native; but in Moscow wealth is the elder brother to poverty, yet stands divided from it by a chasm as impassable as it is merciless. There is a distinct alliance of roughness and semiculture, says Harper's for August, between the rich merchant, who does business daily in the White Town, and the wretched street vender, whom he passes on his way a dozen times; yet the two are farther apart than the poorest and the richest classes in Western Europe. Moreover, poverty is so unspeakably miserable in Moscow that it seems to be the characteristic rather of a distinct species of the animal man than of any particular layer of the population. The streets daily yield figures which can only on general principles of anthropology be called human. The eye disentangles a face from these moving masses of rags but slowly and painfully; unless the inspection is at long range the nose itself is too apt to protest.

The Russian summer calls innumerable peasant beggars and country paupers to Moscow. In the daytime they explore the city from gate to gate, halting from time to time to beg alms or munch the fragments of black bread which form the chief spoils of their diurnal quest. Many women of this class are young and robust, fresh from the labors of the field, but some are old, infirm, haggard. All trudge along with the aid of a staff, and all wear a rude canvas bag tied around the neck. At night, long after the last vesper has died away, when the White Town is deserted and the suburban residences are gay with lights, music and with the laughter of happy men and women, this vast army of the penniless and the miserable seeks its nocturnal repose. Heaven alone knows where—on the forsaken field of the day's markets in the open air, on the steps of churches and cathedrals, or in the quadrangles and courts of palace and public buildings. To be unutterably wretched, and yet to be a nightly sojourner in the "outer courts of heaven;" to be poor and yet to fall asleep with only the thickness of a wall separating one from some of the most useless and costly accumulations of treasures in Europe, the conversion of which into money would furnish the means for banishing acute poverty from Russia altogether—such experiences as these are the lot of thousands to whom Moscow is less a place of pilgrimage than a centre of hot, weary, dusty life, a focus of burning despair.

Iced Tea.

Table Talk.

Iced tea is constantly growing in favor, and is now considered a standard beverage in many homes. Some enterprising grocers also furnish a trial cup to their patrons, and in this way sample their teas. The question was once asked us, "How is iced tea made?" and while some of our readers may smile at the question, yet we assure them there's nothing so very ridiculous in it. To be sure, it is only to drop a piece of ice into a goblet of tea and the thing is done. But then the tea itself! It isn't every one who knows how to make that tea, and to them this hint will not be unprofitable. Put the tea in an earthen or agate-ware pot and set on the back of the stove where the pot and contents will get thoroughly warm; then pour on water that has been freshly boiled, boiling thoroughly at the time; let stand on back of stove for fifteen minutes by which time the tea will be perfectly drawn. If you desire your tea to be perfect and to remain so, separate the liquid from the leaves by pouring it off into another vessel. If your intention is to spoil it, you have only to boil it, and let remain with the leaves in the pot.

A Senatorial Joke.

Everybody knows, of course, what a tiresome and persistent talker Senator Call, of Florida, is. When everybody else is done and a vote seems about to be taken, he pops up and favors the Senate with his views on the "Constitootion."

Here is the latest conundrum propounded by the wicked Senate pages.

"What is more tedious than the call of the House?"

"Why the Call of the Senate, of course," is the answer.

And everybody recognizes at once the truth of the criticism.

THE FREEMAN.

THE FREEMAN is a newspaper in the interest of the colored race. It is published every Saturday at 18½ N. Penn. St., by EDWARD E. COOPER. to whom all communications should be directed.

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One copy, one year..........$2.00
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Invariably in advance.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Rates of advertising made known on application at the office.

THE PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

If you are receiving The Freeman without having subscribed for it, you may know that some friend has paid for you. We want to place The Freeman in the home of every colored person who can read and we know of no better way of introducing it to you than by sending you a few sample copies. The Freeman is independent in politics and fearless in the advocacy of the rights of the Negro. It is the organ of no clique or faction, and gives the news without fear or favor. It has but one mission and that is to improve the industrial, the political, the religious and the social condition of the race.

What's the matter with Postmaster Jones? He's all right!

COLORED men should study the political issues like other American citizens and vote for the measures and for the party which best conserve their interests.

WHEN all the money-grabbing corporations of the country are favoring a high protective tariff it is a good sign that the interests of the wage-worker are found on the other side.

THE honest colored voters who have kept the Republican party in power for years want some recognition for their fealty. They have been set aside and told "it is too soon" long enough.

MESSRS. Huston, New & Co. imagine when they have bought out a colored newspaper or so and pay a few professional bummers to keep quiet, that the "Niggers are all right." We'll see when voting time comes.

PRESIDENT GARFIELD, whom the American people hold in reverence, advocated a reduction of the tariff to a lower figure than the Mills bill proposes to reduce it. Yet he was not denounced by the Republicans as a free-trader.

IT's a bad policy to trade with a man who holds an old debt against you, for you will never satisfy him. The Negro has worked twenty-four years to pay the debt of gratitude, and still the Republicans hold a mortgage on him. When will the debt be paid? When will the Negro be released from political bondage?

THE Republican State Central Committee will establish an Irish committee in this city, to look after the Irish vote. The colored voters of Indiana, which number more than 12,000, have not so much as a single representative in the committee rooms. The colored voters may not want a place on the State ticket, nor even a voice in the committee rooms, but they should have the janitor work and spittoon cleaning.

THE Negro is in debt to no political party for his emancipation. The liberation of the slaves was a war necessity and the soldiers who took part in the war, black and white. Democrats and Republicans, are drawing pay to-day for their services. Then why should the poor Negro be asked to pay a debt which the Government is already paying? But this is in keeping with Republican tricks, such as the freedman's bank swindle, protection in the South, etc.

JAMES G. BLAINE in his Paris letter said:

"There is a moral side to it. To cheapen the price of whisky is to increase the consumption enormously. There would be no sense in urging the reform wrought by high license in many States if the National Government neutralizes the good effect by making whisky within the reach of every one at twenty cents a gallon. . . . It would destroy high license at once in all the States".

This is on direct opposition to the platform afterwards adopted by the Republicans. The spectacle of Blaine's eating crow will be a truly edifying sight.

THE absurd and prenicious tendency of our people to place fealty to party before fealty to religion is well calculated to make the judicious grieve. A man may utterly disregard his churchly vow, and nothing is thought of it. A minister may commit adultery and defraud his congregation, and yet be forgiven. But let a man dare to once exercise the right of a free citizen and cast a Democratic vote, all the venom and anathema which grow so luxuriantly amid ignorance and superstition, is heaped pell-mell upon his head. That this is all wrong goes without the saying and it will be a sad day for the race when a colored man can vote as he chooses and respect and tolerance take the place of virtuperation and black guardism.

IF the young colored man would secure equal and impartial treatment in the matter of employment let him qualify himself and then let his race stand by him. No one will pretent to say it would be difficult to find a lucrative position to-day for a young colored man or woman, in the principal business houses on Washington street, if it could be shown to the proprietors that he can benefit himself by so doing. If it could be shown him that to employ a competent colored saleman meant a largely increased colored patronage, the, bargain would be made in a jiffy. If some of our would-be race leaders would give this matter their attention instead of wasting their time holding silly cross-roads political arguments the colored man's interests would experience a boom. Let it be tried. In the meantime young man and woman qualify yourselves.

COLORED men, vote to protect your homes, your families and your ballots. Vote the straight Republican ticket.—Argus.

In what way, pray, will voting the Republican ticket protect the Negro's home, family and ballots? The Republican party was in power twenty-four years and the Negro's home was ransacked, his family outraged and his ballot thrown out, and the great party has failed to protect him. A Republican Supreme Court took away the Negro's only safeguard by declaring the Civil Rights law unconstitutional. The Negro should protect himself and cease compromising his manhood and howling and whinning for protection. Protection for the Negro is not a part of the Republican platform in this campaign. The Negro is not so much as mentioned. We would like for the Argus to show us how the election of Harrison will guarantee any more rights or protection to the colored people. The sooner colored men learn to protect their own homes, and families and ballots, the sooner they will get a competence and a foothold in this country. The advice of the Argus is that of a coward.

THE waving of the bloody shirt is deftly done by the Republicans to bring about a clash between the ignorant blacks and whites of the South. This done, the Republicans gleefully gloat over the helpless condition of the Negro in the South, and the intelligent colored men who ought to know better are foolishly and blindly led into making a campaign on these dead issue. The Negro is not an issue in this campaign. Neither of the great political parties now contending for supremacy have even so much as mentioned him in their platforms. Neither do they guarantee him any more rights or privileges or protection in the event of Harrison's election. The Republicans who are in the habit of claiming everything do not guarantee more protection to the Negro, should they succeed, but they hope as in other campaigns to lead the Negro by his passion and prejudcices. Presuming on his ignorance and credulity, and we might add that much abused word, "gratitude," they flaunt the war issue in his face, and like the stupid catfish the Negro swallows bait, hook and all. The issue to be determined by this election is the tariff—whether we shall have whisky and tobacco free or whether the necessities of life, food and raiment, shall be made cheaper. The Republicans want protection for the rich with whisky and tobacco cheap enough to make us a nation of drunkards. While the Democrats want not free trade, but a reduction in the tariff which will make the poor man's wages better and his food and clothes cheaper. The Negro is a poor man and whatever his past political affiliation may be, his place in this campaign is with the Democratic party, and he is gradually but surely finding it out. A large per centum of the Negro vote in Indiana will be cast with the Democratic party for the reasons just stated, and the votes will come from the intelligent and better element of the colored people.

An Indian's Trick.

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

In 1882 and 1883, while traveling for a large St. Louis house in the Indian Territory, I learned more of Indian traits and Indian character than I could have found out from reading 100 Indian stories such as were written by J. Fenimore Cooper, Mark Twain and Bill Nye. You never meet an Indian on the road in the Indian nations, but your native quietly and suddenly emerges from the tall grass or brush of the wayside, stands on the highway in front of you and says "How." You tell him you are well and he says "Whisky." When he is informed that you are out of that drug he puts to you the single word interrogative, "bacco?" You hand him your plug, expecting him to cut or bite off a small corner, and in a second the whole plug disappears between his molars in his capacious mouth. My Indian host, who spoke fair English, advised me to cut the remaining plugs I had in small pieces and give only one piece at a time. Six different times between Muskogee and Okmulgee, in the Creek Country, at places a quarter of a mile apart, did the same Indian spring out of the grass on the road in front of me and greet me with a friendly "How?" He had cut a circuit in the grass each time to come out ahead of me, and he used slight disguises of dress, thinking that I did not recognize him as the man who took first chuck of tobacco. But I made him run about eight miles for about a plug and a half of tobacco.

The United States has about one-half the railroad mileage of the world, being 150,600 miles, which cost $9,000,000,000, and give employment to more than 1,000,000 men.

TARIFF REFORM TOPICS.

THE GREAT ISSUE.

The Mills bill proposes a reduction of taxation to the extent of about $50,000,000 every year. The largest taxpayer is the man who rents houses, buys the necessaries of life in small quantities, and draws moderate pay for very had work. Every man above him—the landlord, the employer, the coal man, the grocer, fits his prices to meet his taxes and makes the smaller man pay them for him.

The war tariff is in existence to-day. During the war butter sold at the then exorbitant price of from twenty-five to fifty cents a pound; it had previously sold for a shilling. During the war the worker got an average of four dollars a day; at this time he gets half that. The war tariff makes him pay war prices for that which he must have, but his wages have decreased so that, however large the figures may show, he is at the mercy of the capitalist, small or great, whose goods he is obliged to buy. He gets less for his labor, but he pays war prices for his goods which are produced by labor. During the long period of Republican protection everything has been done for the good of capital and nothing for the good of labor. To-day a man is not a rich man who is not worth his millions. To go with the few who are rich he must be a prince of wealth. "I do not see," said William H. Vanderbilt in all sincerity, "why a man with a hundred thousand dollars should not get along as well as if he were rich." When Commodore Vanderbilt was young that sum was called wealth, but at this period it is a mere bagatelle. All the same the worker is poor. He does not gain in comfort or money. Whether he be a skilled or an ordinary workman, he does not share in the prosperity which makes the billionaire. General Garfield was elected President on the tariff issue; but there were never so many and such great strikes as during his administration and that of Arthur, with the single exception of the strike of 1877, under the administration of Hayes.

The American worker needs to be intelligent. He needs the means necessary to give him some leisure; the opportunity of education, the privilege of being respectable, the blessing of clothing his family decently and of bringing them up as becomes American men and women. He is a voter, and his boys are to be voters when they shall have reached the requisite age. He makes the republic. He ought to be the republic. But he is not protected. The Republican capitalist, made rich by his work, makes his wages at his royal will, and if he strikes against the injustice, sends abroad for workers none of whom care to be citizens and all of whom work to accumulate the small sum which will let them live in lazy idleness when they shall have returned to their old homes. The Chinese come to go back. The Hungarians the same So of the Italians, and the various dregs of the various races which live without intelligence or ambition. Those men come here without the slighest tax on their labor. They are in free competition with the American workmen, who apparently hasn't thought of the proposition that he ought to be protected. The monopolist of his creation has the labor market of the world at his feet, to pick from without hinderance and to use against the toil that has made him rich; at the same time that the goods that he deals in, brought to value by labor, are as hedged about by protection as an infant with lace and linen.

Bear in mind the great tariff issue of this campaign. Briefly stated it is this—there is Republican protection for every capitalist, every trust, every monopolist, but there is not an ounce, iota of protection on any part of this continent for the home workman. The Republican idea is protection for capital and free trade in labor. The continuance of the war tariff twenty years after the war is an insult to all intelligence as well as the most intolorable of injury to the man who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow. The great surplus in the Treasury belongs to the worker, who, as we have said, is the larger taxpayer as well as the instigator and producer of all intrinsic value. What a farce it is to say that the Mills bill endangers labor! How can labor be endangered any more than it is imperilled now? What greater depth of necessity and growth of hard work can it reach than is already forced upon it?

The cry "free trade" is really put up. Such a thing as absolute free trade is, of course, impossible. and on the other hand any student of politics will be ashamed to say that he was not in favor of a reform in the tariff; but that Republican policy which bends the back of the American workman with heavy taxes and at the same time gives him and his value nothing but free trade—that is an abomination before all law, all justice, all gospel, all fair play and all common and uncommon sense.

PULL DOWN THE IDOL, PROTECTION!

This is the most remarkable year in the economic history of the United States. A platform of logic is being exploited by a canvass of brains. Every man with a vote becomes, perforce, a rational, thinking being. The instinct of investigation is abroad, and the science of the industrial free thinkers of the country is daily exciting wider attention. Events have prepared us for years for this tariff issue. The cry from Macedonia never went up from thirstier souls than has this cry from American workmen to the politicians, "Come and help us!"

The Democracy has accepted the call. Its band of political missionaries headed by Grover Cleveland, is penetrating every manufacturing stronghold in the land and is preaching to every creature the gospel of revenue reform. Alertly, with the true weapons of savagery, the priests of the false god and the parasites of its temple have waged war against the Truth. But already the ropes around the idol—this blending of a worse than Moloch and a more deadly than Juggernaut—and Protection, cruel, bloody, grasping and vindictive as the angriest dream of Oriental barbarism, is tottering to its fall.

For ninety days longer the Mills bill is the Democratic Bible. In it are the tenets of a faith, never forsaken though often denied, by the party of Jefferson and Jackson, Tilden and Cleveland. Study, then, the creed of reform. Saturate your mind, not only with the principles underlying this magnificent emancipation proclamation, but with the details of its provisions. Workingmen, marshal the procession of items on which the Mills bill reduces the tax!

The tariff tax on a twenty-five cent hammer is four cents, and a fifty-cent hammer eight cents. When these hammers are imported the Government gets this tax. But they are rarely imported—and the domestic manufacturer just charges up that tax in his prices. He is his own tax collector. Well, the Mills bill reduces the tax on twenty-five cent hammers to two and a half cents, and on fifty-cent hammers to five cents. Is that too amall a bonus to pay for the privilege of using a hammer which can be made at a good firofit without a bonus?

The Mills bill enables a workingman to buy a $1.40 saw for $1.30; a $5.70 anvil for $5.25; a dozen spools of thread for 45 cents instead of 50 cents; $1.76 worth of horseshoes for $1.48. He can buy salt, shingles and laths without a tax, and lumber to build a cottage for twenty per cent. less than now. His wife can buy for $5.80 a woolen dress for which she has been paying $6.40. A reduction of taxation means cheaper tools, cheaper houses, cheaper clothes, cheaper spool thread, cheaper almost everything that goes to make up comfort in living.

And wages are safe. Employers, the false priests of the God protection, may sacrifice the worker by reducing his wages. But that is personal spite. The tariff is not to blame. The tariff, high, or low, cannot raise or lower wages one per cent. The schedule of wages depends upon supply and demand.

The Mills bill, in a word, simply curtails the power of the manufacturer of taxing workingmen at will, for his benefit. Of course the manufacturer objects. But who ever heard of a high priest of Juggernaut casting himself under its deadly wheels? He leaves that for its ignorant and deluded worshippers.

LET HIM TRAVEL AT HOME.

New York World.

Mr. Blaine wishes that every American voter could see what he has seen and hear what he has heard abroad of the condition of Labor.

It is not necessary to go abroad to see poverty, degradation and misery. Mr. Blaine should travel at home, off the routes of the palace cars and tally-ho coaches.

Let him inspect the Italian quarters in this city and the other rendezvous of the duty-free labor imported by the protected manufacturers and contractors to "kill strikes" and force down wages.

Let him go to the coal-mines of Pennsylvania and see how "American labor" lives there on 90 cents a day.

Let him visit the iron works of his friend Carnegie and get the opinion of the operatives there as to the policy that forces a 10 per cent reduction in wages to make a saving that should pay for Crœsus's coaching trip through rural England.

Let Mr. Blaine get himself out of contact with the men who, League President Foster says, "make large fortunes every year," and who are "getting practically the sole benefit of the tariff laws," and see how the workingmen thrive, before he dilates on the "pauper labor" of Europe.

AMERICAN INTERESTS.

The Democratic party believes that it would promote American interests to stop the collection of a continuous surplus of $125,000,000 a year and leave the money in the pockets of the people who earn it.

The Democratic party believes that it would promote American interests to take off the unnecessary taxes from the food, the fuel and the clothing and the shelter of American citizens.

The Democratic party believes that it would promote American interests, as against British or any other foreign interests, to give our manufacturers their raw materials free and thus enable them better to compete in our own market and the markets of the world with competitors that now beat them because not handicapped with taxes on materials and machinery.

The Democratic party believes that it would promote American interests to secure steadier work at better wages for American workingmen, instead of subjecting them to lock-outs, shut-downs and strikes of the past dozen years. It would do this by widening the market for our products and thus increasing the demand for them.

The Democratic party believes that it would promote American interests to keep the control of the Government in the hands that have so successfully administered it during the past three years.

DON'T WANT ANY SHIPS.

A champion of the war tariff defends the Republican policy which has banished the American flag from the high seas. Because England can build and sail ships cheaper than our laws permit us to do "we are a great deal better off for being out of that business than we would be if in it," says a protectionist organ.

The idea that a great commercial Nation with 15,000 miles of seacoast and tide water is better off without shipping fits in queerly with the protection logic. If the United States should go without ships because foreigners can build them cheaper, why should our people be taxed to sustain other industries here than can be conducted more cheaply abroad? The argument for protection is that it tends to make this country independent of foreign Nations. And the amount of protection that is required for this purpose—which is by no means an average of 40 per cent.—can be defended very successfully with this argument. But here is a party arrogating to itself the exclusive love and care of American interests, that has banished the American flag from the ocean and driven American commerce into British and German bottoms, and which defends the policy because these Nations can carry it cheaper than we can.

What sort of "protection" is this for American shippers, to leave them at the mercy of foreign carriers?

The American sailors and skippers do not admit themselves fairly beaten on the seas. Give them the same opportunity that their triumphant rivals have of buying ships where they please, or of building them without any artificial enhancement of their cost, and they will soon demonstrate their ability to "beat the world." But the cold fact stands that the Republicans have killed our foreign shipping, and glory in the shame of it because foreigners can do our carrying trade cheaper.

One thing may be counted on as certain—there will be no surplus under free trade.—Tribune.

Of course; and there will be no surplus under proper tariff revision. And there will be fewer thieves in Washington City with crowbars trying to break into the Treasury.

TRADE AND LABOR.

Philadelphia Record.

Stair-builders in a New York building won a strike against a reduction from $3.50 to $3.25 per day.

We import 100,000 bales of cord wood annually from Spain and Portugal. It is used for "corks" mostly.

A Middlebury (Vt.) firm has just shipped 100 road wagons to Buenos Ayres, Argentine Republic.

The Moxham (Pa.) rail-straighteners have won their demand for 16 cents per rail and other advantages.

Three Chicago newsboys have been sent to prison on their own request so that they may learn a trade.

In Poland the laborers work from 5 in the morning till 8 and 9 o'clock at night. Women are employed in all kinds of hard work.

The combination of the brick and lumber dealers of Kansas City is at an end. Building operations have increased in consequence.

Twelve hundred workers on the streets at Duluth, Minn., struck some days ago for an advance from $1.50 and $1.75 to $2 per day.

Grand Rapids, Mich., is the great furniture-making center of the United States. It has 42 furniture factories, which employ 20,000 men.

England claims the largest electric light in the world. It is the light-house at St. Catharines, and its capacity is sixty thousand-candle power.

At Manistee, Mich., girls feed the planers in the hoop-mills and do other light work. They also do the sacking at the dairy salt-works, and make from $1 to $1.25 per day.

Any member of the Slate and Metal Roofers Union, of New York city, who shall work on Labor day will be fined $8.50, and those who shall not be in the parade will be fined $3.50.

The Hebrew Peddlers' Union is a New York City society. There is also a Hebrew Typographical Union. The latter organization recently suspended two members for two years.

A floating saw-mill, run by a Palatka (Fla.) company is an oddity. It is eighty feet long and forty feet wide. It is used on the timber that grows out in the bayous. The most improved machinery is used.

A Lincoln (Neb.) barber was fined $25 and cost, $73 in all, for refusing to shave a colored man. He was prosecuted under a law passed in 1885, which enforces equal rights, notwithstanding color, in theaters, hotels, etc.

The hotel owners of Beaverton, Ont., recently decided to close shop until they were conceded their "rights." The temperance people in town then got together and opened a big hotel, and in a short time the hotels were open again.

Miners at Forest Hill, Cal., get $3 a day and $2.25 at wet work. The Miner's Union has ordered the Chinese to leave the beds, and have notified a big owner that he must not hire more than one Chinaman to each white laborer.

L'Illustration says: "Without going back further, let us say that the Egyptians were skillful in the art of glass-making. The manner of blowing glass has not varied since the origin of glass-making, the workman always having blown the pieces with his mouth—sheet glass or bottle, large flask or goblet. Watch crystals themselves are not obtained otherwise. They are cut from an absolutely spherical ball of glass."

A Chinese firm, Sam Hing & Co., of El Paso, Tex., has sued a Texas railway at New Orleans for debt. The firm supplied the railroad company with Chinese laborers at $1.35 per day. The agreement specified that the contractors must be allowed to furnish food and lodging for the laborers, and that the wages be paid to the contractors, so that they could take out the debts incurred by the men. Mexicans were also furnished for work in Louisiana at $1.15 per day. The contractors claim that the railway company has not paid the wages.

A Curious Battle of Bees.

Griffin, Ga., Sun.

A queer incident took place at Mr. A. Power's home yesterday. A colony of black bees had been living peaceably near a tribe of Italian bees for years until yesterday, when the black bees undertook to rob their fellow neighbors. A fierce fight was the result, in which hundreds of the black robbers were killed.

RELIGIOUS NOTES.

Philadelphia has 629 churches, and it is no better than any other city of its size.

I know of no blessing so small which can be reasonably expected without prayer, nor any so great but may be attained by it.—South.

Now that the life of Archbishop Trench is just published, it appears that, like Thackeray, he desired and requested that no life should be published, but no one, after reading these two volumes, can blame his friends for insisting on its publication.

Presbyterianism in New England has steadily increased during the last five years. Since 1883 the number of churches has increased from eighteen to thirty-one, and the membership from 2,975 to 4,588. A church has recently been established at Newport, R. I.

Christ built no church, wrote no book, left no money, erected no monuments yet show me ten square miles anywhere on earth without Christianity where the life of man and the purity of woman are respected, and I will give up Christianity.—Professor Drummond.

On Sunday last Bishop Bowman attained his seventy-first birthday and his semi-centenary in the ministry. On his twenty-first birthday, July 15, 1838, he preached his first sermon at a country appointment about four miles from Carlisle, Pa.

The Christian Inquirer puts this question: If Congress and the national conventions of the great political parties can properly be opened with prayer to God in the name of Christ, why may not the doctrine concerning God and Christ be taught in the public schools?

Miss Charlotte M. Yonge, the novelist, is a devoted member of the Church of England. With the proceeds of her novel, "The Heir of Redcliffe," she fitted out the missionary schooner. the Southern Cross, for the use of Bishop Selwyn; and $10,000 from the profits of "The Daisy Chain," are said to have gone to the building of the missionary college in New Zealand.

New Jersey Presbyterians, who are, generally speaking, of an intensely "blue" stripe, are shocked at the declaration of Rev. H. Thomas, of Bridgeton. one of the oldest preachers of their denomination in the State, that "Calvinism needs toning down," and that fire and brimstone preaching must go. His case will probably be considered by the Presbytery.

Happiness depends far less upon the external circumstances that surround us than it does upon the condition of our own minds. The main sources thereof are within us. and not without. Many a man is happier in his poverty than a king on his throne, or a millionaire in all his luxury. It is a great mistake to judge on the comparative happiness of men by the difference in their outward condition

Mr. Bradley, who founded Asbury Park, and who has made it one of the most virtuous and law-abiding towns in the country, finds that there are kickers in the borough. The anti-Bradleyites seem to be unhappy because the enterprising founder made money by his experiment. If he had made it in running a "gin mill" he would be one of the most popular men on the Jersey coast, especially if he had combined high-toned gambling with the liquor business.

There is no such thing as an ignorant faith, for all true belief will rest on knowledge. What is commonly called an ignorant faith is simply superstition, and not faith at all. How shall men believe that of which they have not heard? and how will they hear without a preacher? The Bible everywhere teaches us that our faith must be intelligent. Then there is much that passes for faith that is presumption. We are told that by faith the Israelites passed through the Red sea, which the Egyptians essaying to do were drowned. The presumption of the Egyptians is imitated by us too often. What we need is the faith which sees Him who is invisible.

Arose From Her Coffin.

New Philadelphia, Ohio, special, Aug. 14.

Emma Traxel, the eighteen-year-old daughter of Jacob Traxel, of Crooked Run, near here, narrowly escaped being buried alive yesterday. On Saturday morning she was taken sick, and to all appearances died. She was prepared for burial and placed in a coffin. The funeral was set for Monday. On Sunday evening Miss Traxel, to the astonishment of all, suddenly came to, and arose as it were from the dead. She had been in a trance thirty-six hours, and was conscious of all her surroundings. She heard the weeping friends and the hour set for the funeral, and her feelings during these long, horrible hours, as she describes them, can only be imagined. She has nearly recovered from the terrible shock.

A Dog's Wonderful Feat.

New York Tribune.

About two weeks ago Henry Goetz gave James K. Mosser, of Hanover, a large farm dog, which was immediately shipped by rail to Williamsport, one hundred and forty miles away. Yesterday the dog walked into his former master's home in a starved and worn-out condition. It was learned that he had left Williamsport a week ago, and had walked the entire distance. How he found the way back is the wonder of the story.

THE FREEMAN.

INDIANAPOLIS, AUG. 25, 1888.

CITY NEWS.

Subscribe for natural gas.

Patronize Negro industries.

Let our idle boys go to work.

The Ross and English Guards are still in Evansville.

The Park Theater has opened it season very auspiciosly.

The talk of a first class down town restaurant is again being reviewed.

J. C. Lightbourne is now connected with the When clothing establishment.

Simeon Bruce was one of the Model's lieutenants in the newsboy's picnic last week.

Carter Temple will add a $200 improvement to his residence on Minerva street.

A letter box has been placed at the corner of Mississippi and St. Clair streets.

The base ball club is still "playing in hard luck." They hold a desperate grip on the tail-end.

Taggart's new dining hall at the Union Railway Station will be graced by the Napoleonic figure of Charles Gaskins as head waiter.

Owing to chilly weather, etc., the attendance at the Masonic celebration Thursday night was painfully light. The Masons deserve better luck.

The Ross Guards will give a grand reception at Fayette street rink Monday evening in honor of Capt. J. H. Thomas. Speaking, drill, etc., will be the attractions.

The emancipation celebration will take place at the fair grounds next Tuesday. Rev. W. B. Derrick, advertised as the "Colored Conkling of New York" will be the orator of the day.

A social was given last evening at the residence of Mrs. Ellen Wright, 600 West North street, under the auspices of one of the clubs of Bethel Church. Quite a tastiful program was rendered.

There should be less loafing about saloons, particularly colored saloons. Whatever there may be of decency about a saloon, it is destroved by the presence of a loud profane oontz-playing crowd of loafers.

POLITICAL PICKUPS.

Col. A. A. Jones is "stumping" in Minnesota.

John D. Kersey, of Frankfort, will make several speeches throughout the State for the Democracy.

Twelve new names were added to the membership of the colored Democratic club last Tuesday evening.

No separate quarters are set up for the colored voters. They are solid and don't have to be sought or placated.

Disaffection is growing among the colored voters. They want to understand the issues in this campaign before they vote.

Score one for Rev. A. A. Price. He refused to desecrate his church by allowing a John Brown club to be organized therein.

As an evidence of the indifference of the colored voters in this campaign but few clubs have been organized and these at the urgent solicitation of candidates.

Mr. Thomas Washington, a prominent colored man of Brazil, Ind., writes a frank and manly letter to the Indianapolis Sentinel, and announces his allegiance to the Democratic party.

W. H. Brown, the well-known livery man, is making a strong fight for street commissioner. Mr. Brown has a large number of influential friends and it is hoped that he will be successful.

The Republican committee rooms are daily beseiged by colored men who want to clean spittoons, do chores, etc. Some people seem to know their fitness and some colored men seem to know their places in the Republican party.

Considerable regret is expressed by a large number of Republicans that W. Allison Sweeney, the silver tongued orator, was not placed on the Legislative ticket. While Walden is popular it is claimed that Sweeney would have added more strength to the ticket and more enthusiasm in the campaign.

Whom the Gods would destroy, they first make mad. The contingent voter is nearly in open rebellion and still the funds have not arrived. The two "organs" have become very tame and the great "race organ" is liable to "flop" at any time. Great newspapers—these organs from principle.

The Republicans have decided to open an Irish bureau as an adjunct to the central committee to look after the Irish vote. The division of the Irish vote makes all parties seek it and no ticket is nominated nowadays without an Irishman being on it. Here is a lesson for the Negro. The black vote is solidly Republican, or nearly so, and yet the Negro has no representative about the committee rooms in any capacity.

Consecrated to Hymen.

On Wednesday evening of this week occurred the marriage of Miss Lulu McClain to Mr. Abraham L. Johnson, a well-known young man of our city. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Leroy Redd, of the Christian Church. The affair was a very quiet one, only the immediate relatives being present. The couple wiil make their home at 234 Howard street.

A Western Opinion.

The Indianapolis World, these days, is edited by a villain, who uses a quill taken from the tail of a buzzard, which is constantly dipped in its vomit. Mr. Christy ought to take the editorial chair again and give us a clean paper, free from abuse. Do not abuse Democratic Negroes. Your paper was one of the first to beg the Negro to divide.—Public Educator.

PERSONAL MENTION.

W. H. Payne, of Chicago, is in the city.

Miss Ada Harris is sojourning in Newport, Ky.

Mrs. Dora Dehorney is visiting friends in Chicago.

Mrs. Irene Bagby has been visiting friends in Louisville.

Mrs. W. H. Fisher paid a brief visit to Louisville last week.

C. C. Rogers is in Evansville attending the encampment.

Misses Clara and Ermine Watkins are estivating in Chicago.

Mr. Paul Irwin, of Dayton, O., is in the city for a few days.

Miss Millie Montgomery is visiting her mother in Shelbyville.

Miss Annie Turner, of Chicago, is visiting friends in the city.

Mr. Edward Lewis, of the I. & V., has resumed his regular run.

Miss Estalla Daniels will return to her home in Terre Haute to-day.

Mr. Will H. Mosby, of St. Louis, paid our city a flying visit Monday.

Miss Addie Walden has returned from a pleasant jaunt to Logansport.

John H. Roberts is still very indisposed at 172 North Missouri street.

Mr. Sheury McAllister, of Terre Haute was in the city this week.

Wm. Ross, of Southport, paid The Freeman office a visit last Tuesday.

Detective Thornton went to Cincinnati Monday to recover stolen property.

Miss Lizzie Crabtree, of Louisville, is spending a few days with relatives in the city.

Mr. Thornton Williams, of Bridgeport, was in the city on business last week.

Miss Luella Washington has been spending a few days with relatives in Louisville.

Mrs. Fannie Gibbs is at home again after an extended visit to various towns of the State.

Rev. G. B. Walker has just moved into his handsome new residence on Young street.

A. E. Manning was at Evansville and other points this week in the interest of The Freeman.

Mrs. S. V. W. Topp, whose success as a kindergarten manager is worthy of commendation, will return to St. Louis in a few days.

Miss Effie Archie, formerly a light of Indianapolis society, is now Mrs. Len Nicholson, of Peru.

Mrs. Emma T. Taylor, of Louisville, Ky., is the guest of Mrs. G. B. Walker, of the south side.

Miss Sallie Liggins has returned from Chicago, and is stopping with her sister, Mrs. Willa Smith.

Edward M. Gray, of Paxton, Ill., paid a flying visit to his sister, Mrs. John T. Mahorney, of Irvington, this week.

Mrs. Ollie Pollard and Miss Georgia Atkins, of St. Louis, are in the city, the guests of Mrs. Laura Bryant, of Howard street.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Morton are now pleasantly located at 172 West Georgia street, where they will be pleased to see their friends.

J. M. Porter and Dr. T. N. Watson, who accompanied the Ross Guards to Evansville, returned home last Wednesday evening.

Mr. W. H. Fletcher, formerly of this city, has been engaged as director for Halliday's colored minstrels. They are now in Missouri.

Miss Willa D. Johnson is spending a few days with her mother in the city. She will return to Evanston, Ill., about the last of the month.

Miss Mary Julia Pierce left for Bethel, Ky., Wednesday evening to take charge of her school. Miss Pierce is proving very popular in that region.

Mr. W. M. Lewis has been reappointed teacher in one of the country schools. Mr. Lewis has had more experience than any other colored teacher in the employ of the county, and has a high reputation for scholarship and efficiency as an instructor.

A social tea was tendered Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Harang, of Louisiana, last Thursday evening by Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Cooper at their residence on North West street. Among those present were Misses Mary and Victoria Wilson, Mon. Howard, Nellie Lewis and Fannie Carter, and Drs. Wm. Chavis, W. Robbins and Mr. John Carter.

WILBERFORCE UNIVERSITY.

Session of 88–9 begins September 14th, 1888. Eight departments—theological, classical, scientific, normal, law, music, English, Industrial. Competent faculty. Its graduates always in demand. Locality healthy, beautiful, retired. Direct telephone and telegraphic communication with the world. Important reduction in expense. $98 cash on entrance pays for tuition, board, fuel, room rent, lights and books. All grades of students admitted at any time in the year. Good character is the only quallification and all must bring testimonials thereto. For catalogues address S. T Mitchell, Pres., or J. P. Maxwell, Sec.; Wilberforce, Green Co., Ohio. tf.

Look at Things as They Are.

If your sight be dimmed by partisanship, good friend, get the "specs" of truth. Some of the truest hearts in America are men who get almost sick to think of voting for any ticket but that which they have been in the habit of voting. But stay, dear old fellow! Is that the way you made your fortune? Not a bit of it! Not a bit of it! You made your way in the world by looking at things as they were. Now help make your country's way among the nations by looking at things as they are.—Philadelphia Record.

CONCERNING THE CHURCHES.

The Free Will Baptists' picnic at Blue River Park to-morrow.

Rev. J. M. Morton is attending the Baptist Association meeting.

A concert was given by the friends and members of South Calvary Baptist church Wednesday night.

"A damned Hot Day" is the subject of a sermon soon to be preached by Rev. J. M. Morton, of the Mt. Zion church.

An excursion will be run from this city to Noblesville to-morrow for the benefit of those who wish to attend a camp meeting at that place.

The annual district conference of the A. M. E. Zion church which includes Indiana, Ills., Kentucky, and Tennessee will convene in Louisville, Ky., on the 1st Monday in Sept. Rev. G. B. Walker and W. A. Foreman will attend.

The young ministers' institute will hold a "Feast of Tabernacle and Return of the Prodigal Son" at Hambright's Park, commencing Sunday, Sept. 2, and continuing until the 16th. Services are arranged for each day.

Some of our ministers who know little about politics and less about the gospel they preach, are "hankering" to convert their churches into political wigwams. The people should none of this. When a preacher has'nt sense enough to know his place, his congregation should get a muzzle for him.

A General Remark.

The Freeman contains more local news than the Argus and World combined. Subscribe for and find out what the race is doing.

Before and After.

"Drummer" in Globe Democrat.

To us old-timers on the road nothing is so amusing as the "chippy" drummer. We can always tell him at sight. He may look as fly as a thoroughbred, but his baggage gives him away. He comes on his first trip with a trunk full of clothing, and when he gets on a car he is loaded down worse than an old maid who is going sixty miles. He is sure to have two valises and a satchel with a strap hanging from his shoulder. A hat-box, two canes (one for every-day wear and the other for Sunday), an umbrella, three railway guides, a half dozen Rand & McNally State maps, a silk traveling-cap, a new novel, a pair of slippers, a rubber coat, a mohair duster, a flask and a pipe, are a few of the things which he surrounds himself with. We know him because he kicks at everything. The road is rough or crooked, or the time is slow. He notifies the conductor of the Pullman before he leaves the depot of his intention to report him. He discourses for an hour upon the extortion of the baggage-master. When he gets off at a station he refuses to pay 50c to the omnibus man and walks to the hotel, and swears later when required to pay a drayman 75c for hauling his baggage from the depot. He asks for the best room in the hotel, and does not get it. Meet that same fellow four years later, and he has dropped all of his valises except one small one, and he no longer travels with canes, umbrellas, slippers, railway guides, maps, rubber coat and all that. One side of his valise will contain his samples, and all the clothing he will need for a two months' trip is on the other side. He carries two suits of underclothing, two white shirts and a change of socks. When the train is side-tracked while the road is being cleared of a freight wreck, he takes a nap. When he goes into a hotel the clerk recognizes him as one of the boys and gives him the best the house affords, and then he takes a hand in having fun with "chippies" himself.

A Cure For Sleeplessness.

The terrible evil of insomnia has so many different sources that the utmost we can hope from any single artifice is to afford relief from it under one special form. I venture to think I have hit upon a plan which thus remedies a very common (not an aggravated) kind of sleeplessness; and, with your permission will endeavor to make your readers who may be fellow-sufferers sharers in my little discovery.

It is now, I believe, generally accepted that our conscious, daylight, thinking processes are carried on in the sinister half of our brains—i. e., in the lobe which controls the action of the right arm and leg. Pondering on the use of the dexter half of the brain—possible in all unconscious celebration, and in whatsoever may be genuine of the mysteries of planchette and spirit-rapping—I came to the conclusion (shared, no doubt, by many other better qualified inquirers) that we dream with this lobe, and that the fantastic, unmoral, sprite-like character of dreams is, in some way, traceable to that fact. The practical inference then struck me: to bring back sleep when lost, we must quiet the conscious, thinking, sinister side of our brains, and bring into activity only the dream side, the dexter lobe. To do this, the only plan I could devise was to compel myself to put aside every waking thought even soothing and pleasant ones, and every effort of daylight memory, such as counting numbers or the repetition of easy-flowing verses, the latter having been my not wholly unsuccessful practice for many years. Instead of all this, I saw I must think of a dream, the more recent the better and go over and over the scene it presented. Armed with this idea, the next time I found myself awakening at 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning, instead of merely trying to banish painful thoughts and repeating, as was my habit, that recommendable soporfic "Paradise and the Peri," I reverted at once to the dream from which I had awakened, and tried to go on with it. In a moment I was asleep! And from that moment the experiment, often repeated, has scarceiy ever failed. Not seldom the result is sudden as the fall of a curtain, and seems like a charm. A friend to whom I have confided my little discovery tells me that, without any preliminary theorizing about the lobes of the brain, she had hit upon the same plan to produce sleep, and had found wonderfully efficacious.

I should be very glad to hear if other sufferers can obtain the precious boon in the same way. The evils of prolonged wakefulness and of the drug-taking to which its victims are too often driven are alike so terrible that I make no apology for offering my humble contribution of one more harmless remedy to obviate them.

A FATHER'S CURSE FULFILLED.

Remarkable and Romantic Story of the Pennsylvania Mines.

Shamokin (Penn.) special.

Ralph Donboskie, aged seventeen years, and his brother John, two years older, were mining coal in the Cameron colliery last evening, when a huge mass of rock and dirt fell on the unfortunate young men, killing the former instantly and injuring the latter so badly that he will die.

As the bodies were being brought up the dark shaft a Herald correspondent standing at the top of the pit heard a young man remark that the dead boy's father would hail the event with joy.

The reporter asked why, and was told that four years ago Jacob Donboski buried his wife in Warsaw, Poland, and two months later, in company with five unmarried sons, sailed for the United States. Arriving at New York, the father and three sons wanted to come to this place, while the others thought the West the proper place to make their fortunes. A consultation followed, in which it was decided that the entire party should come to Shamokin. Arriving here, the family signed the agreement that each member should secure work in the mines and deposit $10 a month in the saving fund until money enough should be accumulated to erect two double houses, in which the proprietors should get married and live.

The contract was strictly observed until last April, when, after the buildings were erected and paid for, the father tried to persuade his sons to sell the fruits of their hard-earned labor and return to Europe. The proposition was refused. Donboskie spent a month endeavoring to alter his son's determination, but it was of no avail. At the supper table, on the last night of April, he told the five assembled sons that on next day he would depart for New York to take passage for Poland, and that they must give him enough money to square his share of the propertv.

This was done, and the following morning the sons accompanied their father to the depot. When the train was about starting, the youngest boy said: "Good-bye, father. I hope you will have a safe return."

The father replied: "To hell with you all; I hope every one of my disobedient children will be killed in the mines," and as the horrified sons begged the enraged man to take back the awful wish the train left the depot. As the story was completed, the wagon, bearing a dozen dusky miners guarding the dead and injured, reached the surface. At that moment the three other brothers came out from an adjoining slope and hastened to the stretchers containing the unlucky ones. The grief the big strong men displayed as they gazed at the faces of their dead and dying brothers was heartrending. Then one thought of the father's unnatural wish and whispered something to his two brothers. The stricken boys were placed in the ambulance and the journey home commenced. Within four squares of the house a photograph gallery stands, and when the party reached there the wagon was stopped. A brother ran into the gallery and a minute afterward came out followed by a photographer with his camera.

During this time the two remaining brothers jumped into the ambulance and reappeared a second later, one with his lifeless brother in his arms and the other feeling the weakening taps of the dying boy's heart against his own. In this position the photographs were taken, while in the back ground scores of wondering miners and townspeople formed a strange sight. It was afterwards learned that one photograph was taken which was immediately sent on its way to Poland as a protest to the bitter father, accompanied by an eloquent letter begging him to take back the curses which they believe has already worked so much evil.

The American Tough.

Boston Home Journal.

The tough is a product peculiar to American city life. In other countries, of course, you will find the rough and the cad, and the brutal coster, but it is only in an American city that you will find the tough. In other lands the man who comes nearest to a tough is but a subject, and a very poor one at that, and he is constantly more or less in dread of a superior governing power. In America the tough is a citizen, or at least claims to be one, and he feels not only the equal of everybody else, but the superior of everybody else, and he has a profound scorn and contempt for all process of law. The tough is a terror, and there is no reason why he should escape whipping. Arrest or imprisonment he fears not; but a good dose of the cat-o'-nine-tails might bring him to reflect on the errors of his ways.

Poor Fellow, Poor Fellow!

A green watermelon sat on a fruit stand,
Singing "Mellow, I'm mellow, I'm mellow;"
And a small boy stood there with a cent in his hand
Saying "Mellow, it's mellow, quite mellow."
So he ate a big hunk cut right out of the heart
And he ate it all up to the hard outside part,
And they carried him off in a rag-dealer's cart,
Poor fellow, poor fellow, poor fellow!

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The Choicest Liquors,

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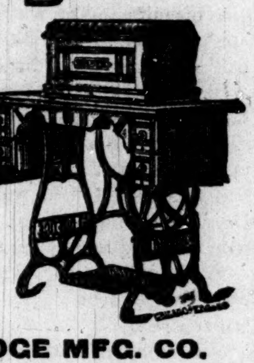

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(Name this paper.)

Legal Advertisement.

NOTICE—In accordance with section 5,314 of the Revised Statutes of 1881 of the State of Indiana, the subscribers, male inhabitants of Marion county, Indiana, hereby give notice to the citizens of the 12th ward, in the city of Indianapolis, in Center township in said county, that they will apply to the Board of Commissioners of said county at their next regular session, to be begun on the first Monday in September, 1888 for a license to sell spirituous, vinous and malt liquors in less quantities that a quart, to be sold and drank on the following described premises to-wit: Located on lot known as No. 82 West Market street, in said 12th ward, in the said city.

ARCHIE GREATHOUSE.
J. H. ROBERTS

1888. 1888.

The Freeman,

A Weekly Newspaper, published in the interest of the colored people.

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Liberal and Progressive!

It is the organ of no clique or faction, and bravely Tells the Truth without fear or favor. It champions the rights of the Negro, and is a slave to no political party. No matter what a person's Religion, Politics or Profession may be, no matter what the age, the sex, employment or condition may be, THE FREEMAN will prove a help, an instrnctor, an edueator. The mission of THE FREEMAN is to advance the interests of the colored people. It will at all times and under all circumstances uphold law and order, and denounce violence and lawlessness.

It advocates freedom of speech, a free ballot and a fair count, and the same civil rights for colored people that is accorded all other people. It will be impartial and independent in its political discussions, but advocates a division of the Negro vote; believing that the Negro eannot us a Race prosper, socially, financially and politically, and at the same time be the political foe of one-half of the American people and the political slaves of the other half.

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WAT'MILYUN TIME.

Yu mer talk bout yo' spar-rib, an' yo' back-bone an' yo' ham,
An' yo' coon, an' yo' 'possum, an' yo' fattes' yaller yam,
But de ve'y bes' an' sweetes' meat wa'tev' cross yo' mouf,
Am de wat'milyun, growing en de patch down Souf.
O, de wat'milyun time! O, de wat'milyun fine!
Nuffin run ter sweetness lak' de wat'milyun vine.

Yu set 'em en er hill-up, en de loamy valley san'.
Yu ho' um an' yu nuss 'em 'twell dey git a houes' stan',
Den jes' go oft er dreamin., uv de time of comin' gran',
W'en de wat'milyun ripes, en de richss' bottom lan'.
O, de wat'milyun time! O, de wat'milyun fine!
Nuffin run ter sweetness lak' de wat'milyun vine!

Yu fin' 'um w'en dey bigges', en de ve'y darkes' moon,
Fur yu karn' trus' a nigga', an' yu 'spicion ev'y coon;
Yu flip ye thum' an' plunk 'em, an' the meller music ring:
Yu hef' hit an' yu lif' hit, an' yu bu·' hit an' yu sing:
O, de wat'milyun time! O, de wat'milyun fine.
Nuffin run ter sweetness lak' de wat'milyun vine.

—Atlanta Constitution.

THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

Farmer Blewitt was a little, dried up, irascible man, and he used to wear a red comforter around his neck and red flannel earlappers on his plug hat when he went to meeting in winter. He was always ready to argue that these modern times were awfully bad, and that the good old times of a hundred years ago were just right. He would decry invention and improvement and say that the world would be better without them. He took a newspaper on purpose to count the murders recorded in it and tell how bad the world had grown. He would stand for hours on a corner in the village and retail his deductions on the present and his regrets for the past.

One day he had whipped the minister in argument, and as he had his dinner and the minister had gone away mad and the women were at work in the kitchen, he tipped back his chair, drew a red silk handkerchief over his head to keep off the flies and went to sleep. He had not slept over five minutes before his son John came in and said:

"Come, father, we must get at that piece of wheat and cut it."

Blewitt got up and yawned and followed his son to the barnyard, where his two sons sat on a log filing a couple of sickles.

"What in the nation are you doing with those old sickles?" said Blewitt.

One of the boys looked astonished and said: "Doin'? Why we are getting ready to cut the wheat.

Blewitt stared a moment and then said: "Why in thunder don't you hitch on to the reaper and stop foolin' with them sickles?"

The boys looked at each other in surprise, but said nothing. Blewitt ran to the shed, but there was no reaper there. He came back. The boys had got over the fence and were on their knees reaping the wheat and carrying it in gavels.

"Boys," said Blewitt, what do you mean by this foolishness? Where is that reaper?"

Charley, the second boy, looked at his father pityingly and then tapped his forehead and looked over to John, who nodded and looked sad.

"Why, darn it," said Blewitt, "you can never run those bundles through a threshin' machine."

"Threshin' machine," said Charley; "why, you know as well as I do that I will have to flail this wheat out mornings and nights while going to school this winter. What ails you, father?"

Blewitt, as we said, got mad easily, and now he just hopped up and down, and said:

"Flail it out! It must be ready to ship on the cars next month."

"Cars, cars!" said John. "Don't you know what ails you, father, or what you mean. I know I shall have to team this wheat down to Albany and sell it for what it will bring. Here you come out talkin' about reapers and cars and threshin' machines, and darned if I don't believe you are crazy, so now."

Blewitt pinched himself to see if he was asleep, and strode angrily to the house. As he approached it he heard a roaring and rumbling like the wind, and he looked into the kitchen and there was his wife spinning. Who-o-o went the big wheel, and Blewitt sank into a chair and yelled:

"Now, Maria, what under the canopy are you doin'?"

"Doin?" said his wife, "why, spinnin', of course. I must get out forty yards of full-cloth fer you and the boys and twenty yards of pressed flannel for me and the gals."

Blewitt looked down at his legs and saw them incased in full-cloth of coarse texture, and the seat of his trousers he felt reached clear up to his shoulder-blades, and the legs were as wide as as two-bushel sacks.

"Well, I'll be darned!" was all he said.

Dreamily he sauntered out again to the wheat field, and John halted him.

"Father, if you ain't going to help cut the wheat suppose you yoke the oxen and go up to the woods and draw a draft or two of logs for wood?"

Blewitt was composed, but he said "I had intended to burn coal in the sitting-room and parlor and not cut much wood."

"Coal, coal!" said John, angrily, "now see here, father, I don't want any more of this foolish talk. I am going to git a doctor."

Blewitt began to think he needed one himself. Here his boys never heard of a reaper or a threshing machine or cars. He felt of his full-cloth pants and groaned. On the lounge at the house he laid himself down and tried to calmly think things over. When the doctor came he called for a pail and bared Blewitt's arm. Cook-stove! Wonder what he means?" He took out his lance, and then Blewtit groaned again.

"I must take a gallon of blood," said the doctor, "and then he will calm down and be all right."

"Don't you know bleedin' was played out fifty years ago?" said Blewitt.

"How he wanders!" said the doctor, and plunged in his lancet. Blewitt fainted. When he came to himself he heard one of the girls talking about an artist down in the village who took profile pictures with a spindle as natural as life.

"What do you want of such blamed pictures as that?" said Blewitt from the lounge. "Why don't you go down to Takem's at Albany and git photographs?"

"Photographs!" said the whole family. "What funny names he gets off in his crazy fancy."

Blewitt was too weak to argue, and he seemed to be somewhat out of sympathy or knowledge with all mankind, so he just lay still and watched the girls get supper. He noticed the fireboard was down and a fire was built in the fire place. A kettle was on the hearth and was covered with live coals. Soon he saw the girls take out of the kettle some nice biscuits and he weakly said: "Why don't you use the cook-stove?" "Poor pa!" said Angelina, "how he wanders.

Blewitt closed his eyes and thought, Bayley, his new neighbor, was a man he could trust—that is, in anything but money matters. He knew Bayley was badly in debt, but he was a good fellow. He would send for him; so he called his wife and told her to send over for him.

"Why, you know," said Mrs. Blewitt, "Bayley has been in jail for debt for the last ten years."

"In—jail—for—debt," said Blewitt; "here we are again. I have been transplanted. I give up; but, say, here is 2 cents. You send a letter down to brother John and he will be up here in a day or two."

"Why, husband the mail only goes once a week, and then he will be three days coming up on the stage, and, furthermore, it will cost a shilling—12 cents—to send a letter to Albany."

"Say," said Blewitt, "just bury me, will you? I don't belong to this century. Stage coaches! Twelve cents postage! Telegraph him, then."

"There goes another new word," said his wife in a solemn voice, and she wetted a cloth and laid it on his forehead, as she repeated to herself:

"'Telegraph;' what a funny word!"

Blewitt was in despair. Could it be that all the common things of life were to him a dream? Had he ever ridden on the cars? Did he ever own a mowing machine? Was there ever a telegraph pole in front of the house? He turned his eye and looked out. He only saw the tall post and long pole of the well sweep. Along the other side of the road ran a dense forest. He was willing to swear that he had once a nice meadow where that wood was. Backed up against the log fence was an ox-cart with a neap as large as a young liberty pole. Down in the cellar he could hear the banging of an old fashioned churn. He looked up the road to the east and saw the road was full of great hemlock and pine stumps, and over it the doctor was coming on horseback, with saddle-bags before him.

Blewitt was a man of determination, and he arose from the lounge and went to the door to consult with his wife.

"Maria," said he, "there has been enough of this foolishness. You stare at everything I talk about, and I can't locate myself, or seem to lay in with my surroundings. Now, will you just answer me one question?"

"Well, then, who is president of these United States?"

"Why, John Adams, of course," she said.

Blewitt sank down down and whispered: "Then you never heard of Cleveland swinging round the circle?"

"No, never," she answered,

"Then all right. Shoot me or put me in a bag and lay me away in the garret. I have got through," said Blewitt, and he went back to the lounge and fell asleep.

When he awoke it was Sunday morning, and the whole family were stirring around getting ready for meeting. His wife, of whom he was somewhat proud, had put on a dress with a waist about nine inches long and a skirt so tight she could hardly walk, and on her head such a bonnet! It made Blewitt hold his breath, but he had got through talking. The boys had on suits of full-cloth and shirt-collars seven inches wide. Blewitt smiled, but said nothing. At last Mrs. Blewitt came to him and asked him if he was going to church.

"Certainly, certainly," said he, "anything to accommodate. Tell one of the boys to hitch a horse on to the top carriage."

"Top carriage? There you go again."

"Well then," roared Blewitt, "hitch on to the stone-boat, hitch on to the ox-cart, hitch on to anything. Have it your own way."

"Why, we will go on horseback - you on the saddle, I on the pillion behind," said the wife.

"All right," said Blewitt, and away they went.

Blewitt made some adverse remarks about the singing at church which was led by a deacon with a fiddle. The sermon was too long, too. It lasted two hours. On his way home from church his wife appeared to be in fear of something and urged him to hurry up. He asked her what ailed her, and she told him, in a trembling voice, that his queer talk had made the minister think him bewitched, and she feared he would be killed or drowned.

"What kind of a country is this, anyhow?" asked Blewitt.

Then Mrs. Blewitt reminded him that in New England several had thus died, and that everybody believed in it, and, the church was death on witchcraft.

"Then I guess we had better light out from here," said Blewitt, as he clapped spurs to his horse.

Away they went, rattle-te-bang, over stumps and logs and stones, and there was a rattle, and roar behind, and he knew they were after him. They came to a log bridge over a brook, and they struck it so hard that down it went. Blewitt and horse and wife, and with a yell of despair he awoke—yes, awoke, for the chair had tipped too far back and he was in a heap on the floor, with his head in a pan of apples and his feet in Mrs. Blewitt's waste-basket. He heard the rattling yet, and he looked out of the window to discover its source, and saw that the boys had started the reaper in the field of wheat. One of the girls had just driven into the yard with the top carriage and was just taking out his daily mail, and had offered him a telegraph dispatch about his hops. His wife was putting in a tenor to the racket with a sewing machine in the front room, and the hired girl was blackening the cooking range.

With a pleased smile Blewitt sauntered out to the wheat field and as the reaper stopped, he said: "Darn the good old times! These 'ere times is good enough for me."

"What's that, father?" said John. "I thought you was in favor of the real honest, reliable, good old-fashioned times of a hundred years ago?"

"Never you mind John," said the smiling father. "You can go down and buy that Thompson colt you've been wantin', and let Charley have your side-bar buggy; and—say, if the wheat ain't takin' no hurt, you may go down to Barnum's circus to-morrow and cut the wheat next day."

He looked down at his diagonal pants and white Marseilles vest and muttered as he went to the house: "Darn the good old times? These 'ere times will dew fur me!"

Indiana's State Officers.

It is somewhat remarkable, is the ignorance that prevails generally regarding our State officials. The salary of the Governor is $5,000 per year with $2,000 additional for clerk hire and messengers. The Treasurer of State is paid $3,000 a year for caring for the State's finances. He has two deputies whom he pays $2,250. The Superintendent of Public Instruction and the Attorney-General each receives $2,500 a year salary. Each has two deputies, costing the State $4,300 per year. The Secretary of State is paid $2,000, and he is allowed $3,400 per year for his three deputies. The Auditor of State receives only $1,500 a year, and he pays his three deputies only $4,000 a year. The State Librarian receives $1,200 and is allowed $750 for an assistant. The library contains 25,000 volumes and 7,000 pamphlets. The State Geologist draws $1,800 a year, and his assistant $1,500. The Chief of the Bureau of Statistics receives $1,200 a year, and his assistant $1,000. The Secretary of the State Board of Agriculture receives $1,500 a year for expenses. The Board of Health receives $5,000 for expenses. The State House Commissioners receive $5 a day including Sundays, and the Soldiers Monument Commissioners receive $4 per day for actual service. There are employed about the Capitol building, also, thirteen janitors, three men on the lawn, two watchmen an engineer, a fireman, and an elevator boy. Altogether the State employes require an expenditure of $219,360 per year.

TAE A ONIES OF LUMBAGO.

EAST RIVER NATIONAL BANK,
NEW YORK, March 10, 1886.

It gives me great pleasure to add my testimony in favor of Allcok's Porous Plasters Last October I had a very severe attack of lumbago and suffered untold agony; could not turn in bed or get in any position without assistance, and with pains almost unbearable; the folk's suggested Allcock's Porous Plasters. As soon as possible I had one applied to the small of my back, and to my great surprise I experienced almost instant relief; I continued wearing it until entirely cured, and am happy to say that I have not had the slightest symptoms of Lumbago since. They are a wonderful and valuable Plaster for Lumbago, and I take much pleasure in recommending them.

W. S. PHILLIPS.

It's enough if you have a passing acquaintance with a railroad man.

How He Wanted It.

Texas Siftings.

Seedy Party (to bartender)—Gimme a ginn fizz.

Bartender—Yes sir; do you want it extra fizzy?

Seedy Party—No; extra ginny.

The Road Healthward Made Easier.

You have been ill, we will suppose, and are convalescing slowly. That is, you are trying to pick up a little flesh, to regain some of your wonted color, to accustom your stomach to more solid nutriment than its recently enfeebled condition permitted you to take. How can you accelerate your snail's pace healthward? We are warranted by concurrent testimony in affirming, that if you will use twice or thrice a day Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, an enabling medicine of long ascertained purity and tonic virtues, that you will be materially aided. It promotes a flow of the gastric juices, and helps the system to assimilate the nourishment of which it stands so much in need. It remedies a tendency to constipation without convulsing the bowels. The liver it stimulates to renewed activity, safely promotes the action of the kidneys and bladder, annihilates malaria and rheumatism at the outset.

Negotiations Ceased.

Boston Times.

The well-known Arlington Hotel in Washington is in reality made up of a number of once-private houses which were made over for hotel purposes. The owner, who is large in his ideas, believes that by waiting long enough anything can be bought.

There is a private house which still juts into his hotel not yet having been incorporated into it. The other day the hotel proprietor came to the conclusion that it would be a good idea for him to get that house and add it to his caravansary. So he wrote a letter as follows:

"I desire to add your house to my hotel. State the price and I will forward check."

The owner of the house happened to be a woman, and one wiser than the average of her sex in business affairs. She replied with this:

"I do not wish to sell, but contemplate enlarging my back yard. Please name the price of your hotel, and I will remit."

Negotiations have ceased.

Moxie has crerted the greatest excitement as a beverage, in two years, ever witnessed, from the fact that it brings nervous, exhausted; overworked women to good powers of endurance in a few days; cures the appetite for liquors and tobacco at once, and has recovered a large number of cases of old, helyless paralysis as a food only.

Small comfort—A baby.

Some Foolish People

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say, "Oh, it will wear away," but in most cases it wears them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which is sold on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 50 cents and $1. Trial size free. At all druggists.

A cloud of dust—Humanity.

"Then let the moon usurp the rule of day,
And winking tapers show the sun his way;
For what my senses can perceive,
I need no revelation to believe."

Ladies suffering from any of the weaknesses or ailments peculiar to their sex, and who will use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription according to directions, will experience a genuine revelation in the benefit they will receive. It is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhea, excessive flowing, painful menstruation, unnatural suppressions, prolapsus, or falling of the womb, weak back, female weakness," anteversion, retroversion, bearing-dowh sensations, chronic congestion, inflamation and ulceration of the womb, inflamation of the ovaries, accompanied with "internal heat."

It is the tanner that really embarks in business.

Happiness.

The foundation of all happiness is health. A man with an imperfect digestion may be a millionaire, may be the husband of an angel and the father of half a dozen cherubs, and yet be miserable if he be troubled with dyspepsia, or any of the disorders arising from imperfect digestion or a sluggish liver. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets are the safest and surest remedy for these morbid conditions. Being purely vegetable, they are perfectly harmless.

A bad sign—A forged signature.

Thousands of cures follow the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. 50 cents.

Phenomenal tenors can command more than a nominal fee.

TOURISTS

Seeking rest and recreation during the hot summer months can obtain valuable information from the Illustrated Guide Books entitled "A Summer Jaunt" and "Summer of 1888," issued by the Wisconsin Central Line. These books are descriptive of the Summer Resorts in Wisconsin and Minnesota, reached by the Wisconsin Central Line, and will be sent FREE to any address upon application to JAMES BAKER, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Milwaukee, Wis.

PILES, Itching or Bleeding, relieved and permanently cured by Cole's Carbolisalve. Get the Genuine. 25 and 50 cents at druggists or by mail. J. W. COLE & CO., Proprietors. Black River Falls, Wis.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

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Cures in 1 TO 5 DAYS. Guaranteed not to cause Stricture.
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Teething Syrup
FOR CHILDREN

Regulates the bowels, assists dentition, cures diarrhoea and dysentery in the worst forms, cures canker sore mouth, is a certain preventive of diphtheria, quiets and soothes all pain, invigorates the stomach and bowels, corrects all acidity, and gives energy and tone to the entire system. Sold by all druggists at 25 cts per bottle.
EMMERT PROPIETARY CO., Chicago, Ill.

Blindness Is Not Sickness.

Sacramento Bee.

Judge Maguire rendered a decision regarding the liability of beneficiary societies for sick benefits, in San Francisco yesterday, that will be of much interest. Emanuel Samuels sued the Scandinavian Society for $40 in sick benefits. Samuels has been a member since January 1877. In June of that year his eyes became weak, and he lost his sight to the extent that he was unable to pursue his ordinary business. He received benefits for one year when the society refused to continue payment unless he was taken to a hospital. He refused to consent to go, and the society refused to continue the benefits. The constitution of the society provided that all recipients should go to a hospital after a certain period of sickness. Judge Maguire further said that blindness is not sickness per se, and that Samuels could not claim benefits when his sickness was only blindness.

Salt Rheum

Often cause great agony with its intense itching and burning. Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier, cures salt rheum and all skin diseases. It thoroughly cleanses, renovates and enriches the blood. Give it a trial.

"After the failure of three skilful physicians to cure my boy of salt rheum, I tried Hood's Sarsaparilla and Olive Ointment. I have now used four boxes of Ointment and one and a half bottles of Sarsaparilla, and the boy is to all appearances completely cured. He is now four years old, and has been afflicted since he was six months of age" MRS. B. SANDERSON, 56 Newhall Street, Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass

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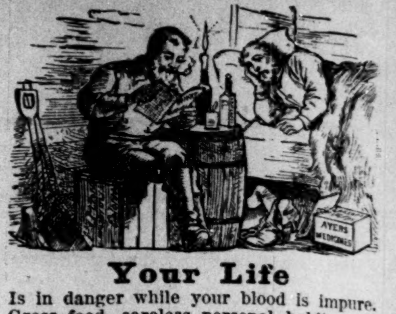

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Is in danger while your blood is impure. Gross food, careless personal habits, and various exposures render miners, loggers, hunters, and most frontiersmen peculiarly subject to eruptive and other blood diseases. The best remedy is Ayer's Sarsaparilla. A powerful alterative, this medicine cleanses the blood through the natural channels, and speedily effects a cure.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

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CASCARA SAGRADA. As a laxative it will restore the bowels to their normal condition without pain or griping, and has remarkable virtue in the treatment of habitual constipation, indigestion, and as a tonic for the stomach it has no rival, as used in this syrup.

BLACK COHOSH, as used in this syrup, is a powerful and useful remedy, acting primarily on the nervous system, kidneys and uterine organs.

UNICORN ROOT. In all diseases of women it stands first and foremost as a tonic and regulator. Its value cannot be overestimated as used herein.

TAMARACK is tonic, diuretic, alterative and laxative.

CULVER'S ROOT is powerfully cholagogue, working with great energy on the liver. It is also an excellent tonic, laxative and alterative, acting upon the secretive and absorbent glands of the body.

MANDRAKE is powerful in its action, working with great energy upon the liver and small intestines, and is invariably used for habitual constipation.

BURDOCK has no equal for the cure of Rheumatism, Syphilis, Kidney, Liver and all Skin Diseases, as used herein.

POKE ROOT is cathartic and anti-scrofulous; highly esteemed for its virtues in curing Gout, Rheumatism, Syphilis, Scrofula, Cancer and all Skin Diseases.

IN ADDITION to the ABOVE, which are everywhere recognized by the MEDICAL FACULTY as being the best known Blood Tonics, our medicine contains RARE DRUGS, rendering

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UNRIVALED in merit. It is a **Safe Family Medicine,** because it contains no poison or opiates. Children, invalids and delicate persons will find it the best medicine and tonic they can use. No home should be without it. Always in season, *Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter.*

If you cannot procure it of your druggist, send direct to us. Price $1.00; 6 bottles $5.00. Plasters 25c.

TESTIMONIALS WORTHY OF CONFIDENCE.

My daughter Maud has used Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup and Plasters, which you so strongly recommended her to try for inflammatory rheumatism. Her limbs were badly swollen, and the poor girl was in terrible agony. In the midst of the pain we wound the Plasters about her limbs, and, as a result the swelling was reduced and she became quiet and rested. The syrup corrected her indigestion, cleansed the rheumatic poison from her blood, and she is now able to be around the house. Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup and Plasters are remedies of great merit. REV. J. ROBERTS,
Pastor First M. E. Church, Fremont, Mich.

ALBION, Mich., Dec. 20, 1887.—While employed as agent of the Michigan Central Railroad Company at Augusta, Mich., about seven years ago, my kidneys became diseased, and I have been a great sufferer ever since. Have consulted the leading physicians of this city and Ann Arbor, and all pronounced my case Bright's disease. Suffering under a very severe attack in October last, began taking Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup, and am today a well man. It affords me pleasure to render suffering humanity any good that I can, and in speaking of the remedy, allow me to say that I think it the greatest medicine in the world. E. LARZILERE, Agent M. C. R. R.

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